

THE
ISLE of WIGHT's

GARLAND,

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. The Outlandish Lady's Love to an English Sailor.

PART II. The Lady's Love discover'd (by her Waiting-maid
to her Father.

PART III. The wandering Lady's Return; or, the story
Heart softened.



Licensed and Enter'd according to Order.

The ISLE of WIGHT'S GARLAND.

FROM the Isle of Wight;
I have brought to light,
A young Damsel born of noble Blood;
Drest in Man's Attire,
And she did enquire,
After her true Love, as it's understood.
Now this gallant Dame,
From fair France she came,
And has now taken upon her for to rove;
For I heard her say,
Crying Night and Day, '
Oh! my Father sent away my Love.
He was too severe,
To my dearest Dear,
Because he belonged unto the Main;
I have travell'd round,
To all Sea-port Towns,
Thinking for to meet my Love again.
When I first beheld,
My dear English Will,
I was wounded to the Heart, I swear;
Altho' he was bound
Guarded through the Town,
Taken Prisoner by our Privateer.
When he passed by,
On him I cast an Eye,
With a trembling Heart, I could not stand;
Then these Words I said,
Unto my Waiting-maid,
Oh! how could I love that English Man.
I could find no Rest
Till I my Mind exprest.
So I went into my Chamber straight,
With a trembling Quill
There I wrote my fill,
And to him my Sorrow did relate.
The Daughter of a Knight,
Did these Lines indite,
Sir, you are a Stranger unto me,



Tho' your Person's mean,
 Yet shall it be seen,
 Here in private to your dearest Dear.
 When he her Lines had read,
 Then these Words he said,
 Sure the Gods above are not severe;
 For blessed is the Time,
 That I was confin'd,
 And was brought to Town a Prisoner here.

I this Answer send,
 To those Lines you've penn'd,
 Virtuous Lady born of high Degree;
 Why should you adore,
 A young Seaman poor,
 Sure, that never, never, can be.
 You are an Heiress great,
 To a vast Estate,
 I a Man that's born of mean Degree;
 Dear Lady draw your Love,
 By the Powers above,
 If your Father knew it, he would hang me.

When she these Lines did read,
 Then these Words she said,
 Oh! that Cupid had ne'er wounded me;
 For I do protest,
 Here I cannot rest,
 Oh! ye Gods why have you tortur'd me.

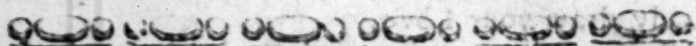
To the Prison she,
 Went immediately,
 Where she at the same did knocking stand,
 And these Words did say,
 Let me in, I pray,
 For to speak unto that Englishman.

Then the Turnkey he,
 Took this fair Lady
 To a Chamber, where they should meet;
 And the Prisoner he,
 Came immediately,
 Calling down before the Lady's Feet,

The Lady with her Charms,
 Catch'd him in her Arms,
 Saying, Oh, my Dear, my Turtle Dove!
 Hero of the Sea,
 Pray now pity me,
 That am so wounded by the God of Love.

Since you declare your Mind,
 I'll not be unkind,
 By the Power above, I speak it here;
 May I ne'er thrive
 Or prosper here alive,
 If that I prove false unto my Dear.

So these Lovers part,
 With a constant Heart,
 Shedding Tears now with their Faith and Troth;
 And the Turnkey he,
 Wept most bitterly,
 For to see the Love between them both.



PART II.

THE second part I write,
 Of this Lady bright,
 For the Truth I mean to unfold;
 Tho' it's full of Horror,
 Trouble, Grief and Sorrow,
 Sure the like was never, never, told.

When the Lady she,
 Thought she had been free,
 Then began her Sorrow, Grief and Woe;
 Her Father came to hear,
 That she loved dear,
 A young English Sailor mean and low.

Then her Father said,
 To her Waiting-maid,
 Go and call my Daughter here to me;
 For I do declare,
 And solemnly do swear,
 Soon I'll part her and her Dear, ne'er fear

When

When this gallant Dame,
 To her Father came :
 Are you come, dear Madam ? then said he ;
 By my Faith and Troth,
 I will part you both,
 You shall ne'er degrade your Family.
 We have Peers in France,
 Can your Fame advance,
 Comes a Courting to you Day and Night.
 Father it is not Riches,
 But the tary Breches,
 I intend to make my Heart's Delight
 When she these Words had spoke,
 He was soon provok'd,
 And in a passion then his Rapier drew
 But her Mother she
 Came immediately,
 Or he had certainly run her through.
 To her Chamber she
 Went immediately,
 Like a Prisoner there for to remain :
 And the Seaman he,
 Was set at Liberty,
 And he was sent to England again.
 Then her Father he,
 In his Cruelty,
 Went and begg'd a hanged Man we hear,
 Then cut of his Head,
 And these Words he said,
 Here, pray Madam, take your English Dear.
 When the Lady she
 Saw the dead Body,
 With her wringing Hands she tore her Hair;
 With ten thousand Tears
 Washed his Body clear.
 Oh ! would I had dy'd for thee my Dear.
 For as I am told
 She kiss'd his Body cold,
 I could have griev'd a stony Heart to see,
 Then

Then her Waiting-maid,
That had her betray'd,
Cry'd out pardon, pardon, dear Lady :

For I do declare,
And solemnly do swear,
This Body is none of thy dear Love :

For your Father he,
Sent him beyond the Sea,
Where, I know not by the Powers above.

Is it true, said she
That you say to me ?

Yes. Madam, as true as I am here,

Then that very Night,
This fair Lady bright,
Got out of her Chamber Window clear.

Then away she went,
Being discontent,
Ever since she has been upon the Search,

Drest in Man's Attire,
Then she did enquire,
For her only Love, and her Dear Heart.

Then the Lady she,
Crossing o'er the Sea,
Where she here into fair England came ;

And had travell'd round,
Most part of English Ground,
Ever since she from her Father came.

She like a Man was drest,
And I do protest,
As she travell'd round the same.

And she walked round,
About Newport Town,
Where she chanced to meet her Heart's Delight.

Saying, my dearest Dear,
I'm glad to meet you here ;
I am the Daughter of a Knight,

Wha ! my Love, said he,
The young French Lady,
Yes, quoth she, my Joy and Heart's Delight,

Now

Now I will relate,
 They were married straight,
 And so here I do conclude my Song;
 And let Lovers all,
 Now both great and small,
 Praise their Constancy with Heart and Tongue.

P A R T III.

MY dearest Dear, said she,
 Now we married be,
 Unto fair France again we both will go;
 With all my Heart, he cry'd,
 My joy and loving Bride,
 To what you crave I will not Answer, No.
 Then they cross'd the Main,
 To fair France again;
 And when they arriv'd on the Shore,
 Drest in Man's Array,
 Then she went her Way,
 With her Love unto her Father's Door.
 Then the Lady bright,
 Knock'd with all her Might,
 Until her Father came to the Door to see,
 Who knock'd there,
 Then this Lady fair,
 In this Manner spoke, and to him did say.
 Sir I'm one who
 Am now come to know
 What is become of your Daughter dear:
 Young Man, her Father said
 She is dead, I'm afraid,
 For I have not seen her these two Years.
 Sir, your Daughter bright,
 In the Isle of Wight,
 Not two Weeks ago, I did her see:
 And I do declare,
 She was married there,
 Unto the young Man you sent to Sea.
 And in Tears one Day,
 I heard your Daughter say,
 If my Father comes and finds us heer,

There

There is no other Hope,
But that with a Rope,
He will have us both hang'd I fear.

If these Words be true,
Which proceed from you,
Heavens di't decree I declare:

And for Joy they live,
Five Guineas I will give,
To enjoy them both, I now declare.

Then this Lady she,
And her Husband he,
Pitch'd upon their bended Knees straightway,

She cry'd to him, Father,
I am ther' your Daughter,
Give to me your Blessing now I pray.

With that her Father gaz'd,
(Like a Man am'z'd)
On her then to hear such Words as these:

And as he did her view,
Then from his Eyes there flew,
Great Drops of Tears as big as any Pease.

Her Father then did stand,
And took her by the Hand,
And embrac'd her, and thus did cry;

Since you my Blessing crave,
You shall then it have,
I will own you both until I die.

Then with free consent,
In at Doors they went,
And for Joy his Daughter she was come

To drown all Sorrow quite,
There both Day and Night,
They rejoyced then with Pipe and Drum.

Now to conclude, I may
Venture for to say
These Words. I think, and not mistaken be:

There are but few do prove,
So constant now in Love,
As the young Sailor and his French Lady.

F I N I S.